Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heavenly Picture.
Iſt like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſſe
To ribb her ſeare-cloth in the obſcure grave:
Or ſhall I thinke in ſilver ſhee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O ſinfull thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in Gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule?
Ile reade the writing.

All that glitters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my out-ſide to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your anſwere had not been inſcrold.
Fare yee well, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por.

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complection chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. VVhy man I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſayle,
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their Ship I am ſure *Lorenſo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Jew with out-cries raiſd the Duke,
VVho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* Ship.

Sal. He came too late, the Ship was under Saile,
But there the Duke was given to underſtand,
That in a *Gondylo* were ſeene together
Lorenſo and his amorous *Ieſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his Ship.

Solan. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter, ô my Ducats, ô my Daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſtian Ducats.
Juſtice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter,
A ſeal'd bagge, two ſealed baggs of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
And Iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my Daughter: Juſtice, finde the girle,
Shee hath the ſtones upon her, and the Ducats.

Salar. Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

Solan. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remembred;
I reaſoned with a Frenchman yeſterday.
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
A Veſſell of our Countrey richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,

Yet